*Ro.* What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
*Ser.* I know not sir.
*Ro.* O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shines:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beautie till this night.
*Tibal.* This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.
*Capu.* Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme
*Tib.* Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
*Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it.
*Tib.* Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
*Capu.* Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
*Tib.* It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile



Ile not endure him.
*Capu.* He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall,
Am I the master here or you? go to
Youle not endure him, god shall me
Youle make a mutinie among my g
You will set cock a hoope, youle be
*Ti.* Why Vncle, tis a shame.
*Capu.* Go too, go too,
You are a sawcie boy, ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you
You must contrarie me, marrie tis ti
Well said my hearts, you are a prince
Be quiet, or more light, more light f
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely
*Ti.* Patience perforce, with wilfull
Makes my flesh tremble in their dif
I will withdraw, but this intrusion sh
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitt
*Ro.* If I prophane with my vnwor
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is thi
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did
To smoothe that rough touch with
*Iu.* Good Pilgrim you do wrõg yo
Which mannerly deuocion showes i
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims
And palme to palme is holy Palmers
*Ro.* Haue not Saints lips and holy
*Iuli.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must
*Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips do
They pray (grant thou) least faith tur
*Iu.* Saints do not moue, thogh gran
*Ro.* Then moue not while my prai
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is
*Iu.* Thē haue my lips the sin that t
*Ro.* Sin from my lips, ô trespas swe

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